

INTERNED CREWS OF GERMAN SHIPS BUILD A VILLAGE

Scarcely Six Months in the Making It Attracts Wide Attention.

LITTLE GERMANY IN ITSELF

Three Hundred Little Model Houses and Other Structures That Go to Make Up a Village Are Constructed From Scraps.

Norfolk, Va.—At the Portsmouth navy yard, near Norfolk, Va., there is a village of almost a thousand persons that has been scarcely six months in the making, which is attracting attention throughout the country. Visitors to the yard vie with one another for the precious and somewhat rare passes which will admit one to the peculiar place, and thousands of post cards showing scenes within its limits are sold daily.

The village is unincorporated and without legalized form of government. Its residents, though filled with civic pride rare in its intensity, are absolutely opposed to increasing the population. They toil and spin in the village only as it pleases them, yet they eat regularly, sleep regularly and are assured of a comfortable existence, at least, until the end of the great European war.

And, now that war has been mentioned, you have the key to the identity of this strange municipality in the making. It is the village built by the interned crews of the Kronprinz Wilhelm and the Prinz Eitel Friedrich, German war vessels, which ran into the Virginia capes within 30 days of each other for safety, about a year ago, and since have been interned by the United States government for the duration of the war.

Build Wonder Village.

Cast into the waters of a neutral country and realizing that their stay probably would be long, these sturdy, blond Teuton sons did not sit on the decks and mourn their fate. Instead, they sprang upon the land, grabbed every scrap of wood and metal and cloth and leather and every drop of paint that came their way and began the construction of their wonder village.

From scraps gathered from hither and yon in the navy yard and out of it, more than 300 little model houses, a windmill, a chapel and other structures that go to make up the village have been constructed. They line pretty streets.

Their front yards bloom with flowers and their back yards are filled with garden truck. Nor is the end yet. Today you see a load of old boxes or discarded ends of boards going into the village and tomorrow a new house, of which they will be a part, will be under construction. Building operations always are under way.

The start of the village came with the granting of the use of the east end of the yard, near where the great interned ships lie, by the commandant to the interned men. It is composed of several acres cut off from the remainder of the yard so completely that it seems a little Germany within itself. On one side in the Potomac river lie the two ships. Another side is bounded now by the immense United States roller O'Ryan, in the making. Green grass, a wood and some water form the other two sides.

Must Have Pass.

The village must be approached through guards from the O'Ryan collier side; so, unless you have a pass, there is little chance of seeing it. The executive officers of the interned ships issue the passes, regular navy yard officers having nothing to do with them.

As the village grew it became obvious that it was planned with infinite skill. Not only were there houses and yards laid out, but even streets and parks were added. The owner of each piece of property was made to realize that he would be held strictly responsible for his place being kept neat and clean.

When word of the building progress that was being made reached the outside world German sympathizers began to lend a hand. Contributions of various kinds poured in, and when, a few weeks ago, the first formal opening was held, visiting crowds marveled at the wonders the interned crews had worked with their poor material and few outside contributions.

That opening day was a proud one for the residents. The band from the ship—and it is a good one—played; the men marched and showed visitors about the village, and a regular carnival was staged. With all of the business acumen of Yankee horse traders, the Germans arrested persons for alleged violations of their village laws and fined them before magistrates.

All paid their fines willingly, for the money went to the German Red Cross fund for the benefit of blinded soldiers. Every prisoner was permitted to assess his own fine. Where fines were too low or the prisoner was good natured he was arrested again.

All of the usual attractions of an amateur carnival were at hand. There were cold drinks, hot dogs and museums to soothe the palate and ease the eye. Frequently the mayor, or Dorfmeister, would post a new bulletin on his bulletin board and immediately

COUNT AND COUNTESS VON BERNSTORFF



Count and Countess von Bernstorff photographed at the time of the arrival of the countess in New York, after a stay of two years in Germany. Lines of care have been drawn in the face of the German ambassador since the outbreak of the war.

the crowds would flock toward it and read with as much interest as if it had been the work of a regular mayor.

The houses are occupied only in the daytime. When sundown comes the men board their ships for the night. During the daytime they enjoy themselves on land at will, drinking coffee, playing cards or reading within the houses.

Besides killing time by improving the village, the men have a great number of pets, and they also indulge in athletic games. They have dogs, chickens, birds and cats which they treasure as children would. On the athletic field they hold tournaments, boxing matches and athletic games, as well as swing Indian clubs and play medicine ball and football. All of the men are in splendid physical condition as a result of their outdoor play. If called upon to return to the sea tomorrow they would be none the worse off for their enforced vacation.

Their Chief Interest.

War news, of course, forms the greater part of their interest. They follow every detail closely, and whenever anything of great moment happens, or is reported to have happened, the folk of the tidewater country anxiously inquire for the German village view of it. And for persons interned as they are they have wonderful insight on coming events. Much gossip which one hears around the capes about things that are likely to

happen in the war, and which comes true, frequently can be traced back to the village.

When the Deutschland successfully eluded the allied cruisers recently the village celebrated. But it did not celebrate the decision in the Appam case which would return the captured vessel to her English owners.

That Appam case recalls the statement previously made that the village has no desire for more inhabitants. There is some fear that the Appam crew may be added to the village, if it should be decided that it was the duty of the United States as a neutral to intern the men. And that is not desired by the Germans. Every man who passes into the village is one more lost to the German service during the war. Hence to gain in population, a thing ardently desired by most villages, means a loss to the fatherland, which is not to be desired now.

Inside, the village is very, very German. They speak the German language, they sing the German songs, they follow the German customs. But if one tires of that, he soon can turn to things that are American. For instance, just outside the village there is a long row of as fine sunflowers as are growing anywhere in the state of Kansas, and running in and out of the navy yard there are some taxicab drivers who surely are direct descendants of some of our pioneer American road agents.

wealthy man, provided in his will that \$50,000 should be set aside to provide an income for life for "Lew" Keith, in case he could be found.

The receipt of this information caused some comment and surprise in Silver Creek. It didn't bother "Lew" much. One day he was observed wending a somewhat unsteady course from one hotel to another, and he was asked wherefore.

"Nothin', only I've been somewhat staggered by the news," he said. "It's all true. Lew says he was in Sedalia in 1878. He says he worked for Mr. Carter and helped him with the machine."

"It wasn't anything to worry over, though," he says. "All Carter needed was a suggestion or two, and I had the suggestions—that's all there was to it."

A few days ago a check came from the St. Louis trust company, and with it a letter asking that "Lew" journey to Sedalia to establish himself permanently in his new income. "Lew" has gone. Word has come back that "everything is all right."

The trust fund provides an income at the rate of six per cent or \$3,600 a year. This is roughly \$68 a week. Considering that "Lew" has never earned more than ten or fifteen—although he might easily have earned many times that if he had applied his ingenuity, this weekly provision is worth mentioning.

"I shall build a bungalow myself," said "Lew" the other day. "I shall have it lined with shelves. One shelf will contain a demijohn so visitors shall not depart unrefreshed. The others will contain books, and I'll spend my time reading. I'll read my head off. There is one observation I would like to make: One never knows how many friends he has till he has a fortune left to him. I have received ten invitations to dinner already from people who hadn't spoken to me in thirty years. It all proves that virtue is its own reward."

SUNFLOWER ON DEAD LIMBS

Plant Thrives While Vegetation on Earth Perishes for Lack of Moisture.

Petersburg, Ind.—J. W. Wilson, an attorney of this town, has a dead South Carolina poplar tree in the back of his law office. Several months ago he noticed a sprig of green sprouting from one of the limbs. He knew the tree was dead, and watched the sprout until now it has grown into a large sunflower bush that will be ready to bloom in a few days. There is no way to get moisture to the sunflower, and the limb is less than two inches in diameter, yet it has withstood the drought while vegetation on the earth has perished.

The DAIRY

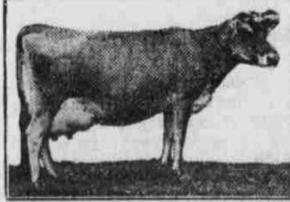


FINE INVESTMENT IN CALVES

Writer Tells of Profitable Experience in Buying Up Young Animals—Feed Cost but Little.

Now is the time for farmers who have more hay than they can feed, to buy calves, for they will make a fine investment. At least my experience proves so, says a writer in an exchange. Three years ago we bought 12 calves, as we had more hay than we could use. It was cowpen hay. Usually at this time of the year some farmers have one or two calves for sale for about \$10 to \$15 each, which is the price we paid for ours. We turned them on pasture, and by the time pasture was gone they were in fair shape, as they were very poor when we bought them. That winter all we fed them was cowpen hay. In spring they were nice, sleek and fat. Then about June and July we bred them to a fine registered Jersey bull. All the calves were part or all Jerseys.

The manure was worth as much as he hay, for it is the best of fertilizer.



Champion Jersey Cow.

ers, thus getting a second use out of it in raising a better crop and in building up the farm. Thus we were out the time in feeding the 12, which was not much, as all we had to do was to stuff hay in the mangers twice a day and salt them once a week. Water was plentiful. The next winter we fed them clover and cowpen hay, also corn stover, no grain, and they were in fine shape.

In the spring they had calves, of which we kept the females and sold the males. The calves were worth more than the handling of the cows. Then we had young, fresh cows for sale, which after the sale brought over \$50 each. Before selling we bred to our registered Jersey bull, which was one of the best to be had.

CLEANLINESS IS BIG FACTOR

Special Care Should Be Taken to Prevent Meal in Corner of Boxes From Fermenting.

Cleanliness is one of the most important factors in feeding young calves. Clean feeding pails, troughs, and stalls are safeguards against digestive troubles. Milk should be fed only in clean pails, which should be washed and scalded after each feeding. All feed boxes should be kept clean. Special care should be taken to prevent meal from fermenting in the corners of boxes. Fermented or moldy feed will often upset the digestive system of a calf and endanger its life. No more grain should be fed than will be cleaned up in a few minutes. The bedding in calf stalls becomes wet very quickly. The calf should be kept dry, and it is therefore necessary to keep the stalls well bedded at all times.

WATER AND SALT NECESSARY

Important Requisites for Proper Manufacture of Milk, Says South Dakota Professor.

Don't stint your dairy cows on water, if you want them to keep up the milk supply, suggests Prof. C. Larsen of South Dakota State college. He states that the amount of water needed by a dairy cow is in proportion to the amount of milk she gives. The average cow will drink about 75 pounds per day, while some very large milk producers drink 200 pounds per day. The dairy cows should also have free access to salt. The right method of feeding salt is to have a water-tight box 10 or 12 feet long in the yard, raised about two feet from the ground on solid posts. Then put a whole barrel of salt in the box and keep plenty of it there all the time. The cow needs salt not only for her body but for the manufacture of milk.

COMFORT OF COW IMPORTANT

Animal Should Be Made Comfortable and Willing to Part With Her Supply of Milk.

At milking time it is important that the cow be comfortable and contented. She should have consumed at least a portion of her food before the milking begins, so she will have been satisfied and willing to part with her milk. It is also well that clean, fresh water be offered her before the milking process.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

French Remains the Menu Language of Washington

FRENCH will remain the language of Washington menu cards. No matter how strong the offensive of the New York hotel chefs becomes to have the French of the bills of fare supplanted by English, the lines of French on menu cards bid fair to hold firm in the capital.

This is the opinion of August F. Moeller, maitre d'hotel of the New Willard.

"We have decided to be strictly neutral," said Moeller, with a twinkle in his eye and a decidedly Teutonic accent when questioned as to the proposed oblation of the French from the bill of fare.

"Why, it would be just the same as asking the average English-speaking connoisseur to change his language," continued the maitre d'hotel. "There are many persons, those persons who are accustomed to eating at hotels and cafes, who would not know how to order their meals if the French on the menu card was supplanted by English."

"Will there be a change from the old order which might interfere with the gastronomic environs of Washington's gourmets?"

"Jamais, jamais," which in the words of the language attacked means, "Never, never."



Inventor Proposes National Emblem of 13 Balls

WASHINGTON.—At last the number of 13 is to be shown to the world in its true light. All this argument about it being unlucky is "bosh," according to R. S. Gibson, who is organizing a class of students in Washington to figure out an invention worth \$100,000. The new invention, when it is discovered, will be the result of a close study of a cluster of "stones" which he says he has discovered to be the basis of all nature.

Gibson, who claims to be the inventor of the paper headrest for barber chairs, pointed to a chart on the wall of his room. The chart was a picture of 12 balls grouped around a single one in the center, and on the bottom was printed these words, "What means these stones." "That picture," he said, "shows you what you will find in the cells of the human body, and in all the planets and the stars."

"Take 12 perfect spheres of equal size and group them around a thirteenth so they will all touch, and you have a perfect symmetrical group. That is a discovery of my own, and I believe it can be worked out to be worth some money."

The inventor's idea is that if he can get several people to study his discovery, one of them is likely to get the idea that will be worth the \$100,000. "The principle of the 13 idea is basic," Gibson said. "Christ and the 12 apostles, 12 jurymen and a judge and the 13 original states are a few examples."

"I have written President Wilson, Bryan, Roosevelt and others, trying to get them to adopt that cluster as a national emblem. It stands for the original states and at the same time is a perfect symmetrical group."

Our Soldiers May Look Like the Knights of Old

ALL existing records concerning the types of breastplates, shields, helmets, and even suits of armor worn by the knights of the middle ages, are being closely studied by the ordnance bureau of the war department in an effort to find the best kind of protection for American soldiers in trench warfare.

And the office of the chief of ordnance is getting to look like the showroom of the royal armorer in the days of Richard Coeur de Lion.

Since the European armies began to adopt steel helmets and breastplates as protection against the hailstorms of shrapnel and the spatter of machine-gun bullets, a crop of inventors has sprung up throughout the United States intent on improving the devices which warriors of bygone days resorted to when cross-bows and battle axes were used on the field of war.

The other day, for example, the bureau had before it a working model of a coat of armor invented by an American. Its pattern was adopted from a type favored by the ancient Samurai of Japan. The breastplate was formed of a V-shaped shell of quarter-inch steel with a padded lining.

A mask of similar design with opening for the eyes was intended to be used to protect the face and head. Shoulder plates and epaulets of the same material completed the equipment.

All known designs of helmets are likewise being studied in order to provide bullet-defying headgear for the men. Besides the designs in use at present in Europe—the solid-piece types used by the British and Germans and the sectional type used by the French—designs similar to those used by the Crusaders with neck-pieces and vizors are also being studied.

The bureau is also at work on various types of hand grenades, although as far back as 1908 the army experts had devised a grenade which, it is thought, is as good as, if not better, than the kind in use in Europe.



Crab Supply of the Capital City Is Diminishing

WASHINGTON is famed as a "great place for crabs." Well may this be true, for the city lies within short distance of the principal crab fisheries of the Atlantic coast—those in Chesapeake bay. But the city's reputation in this one line is in jeopardy.

Season by season for the past ten years the crab supply has been slowly diminishing, and this year the dealers are noticing that the number of crabs sent to market is showing a marked decline. It is difficult to secure as many hard-shelled crabs as the trade demands, to say nothing of the soft-shelled ones, which are unusually scarce.

Is it possible that the snowy crab-flake is destined to become only a luxurious delicacy? The bureau of fisheries has been moved to act to prevent such a tragedy. One of its crab experts is now down in the Chesapeake bay region making a thorough study of the causes of the decline of the crab output. He is going from crab fishery to crab fishery studying crab life at first hand from every angle.

Generally speaking, it is thought that the chief cause of the decreased supply is due to the very extensive fishing which has been carried on within the last few years around these shores. No attempt has ever been made to prepare for the future's output by such means of artificial propagation as scientific fishermen now use in regard to that other valuable crustacean, the lobster.

Winter as well as summer has seen an uninterrupted pursuit of the hard-shelled crab; such persistent "crabbing" could not be without the effect which it is now beginning to show.

Chesapeake bay during the summer months is crowded with fishermen, nets and crabs; it provides an unexcelled field for the study of the industry. Owing to the differences in the depths of the bay at different places, one can also observe the different methods followed by crab fishers.

Familiar, indeed, to Washingtonians is the sportsman who spends a day at the beach, and, with his string or handline baited with meat, entices the crabs into his waiting dip net. But his returns are nearly always negligible, two dozen crabs being considered a good day's catch. Not so is the luck of the professional fisherman, who fishes for crabs and not for pleasure. His method is calculated to bring a greater return for a less expenditure of energy.

